

The Bondman

A....
Continued
Story.

By HALL CAINE.

Pacified by that answer, Jason gave his promise freely, faithfully to do what Adam had asked of him. And the night being now well worn towards midnight, with the first bell of the vessel rung, and old Chalse fussing about in busy preparation, the time had come for Adam to part from Greeba. To bid her farewell was impossible, and to go away without doing so was well-nigh as hard. All he could do was to look upon her in her sleep and whisper his farewell in his heart. So he entered on tiptoe the room where she lay. Softly the moon shone through the window from across the white sea, and fell upon the bed. Pausing at the door he listened for her breathing, and at last he heard it, for the night was very still, and only by the sea's gentle plash on the beach was the silence broken. Treading softly he approached the bedside, and there she lay, and the quiet moonlight lay over her—the dear, dear girl, so brave and happy-hearted. Her lips seemed to smile; perhaps she was dreaming. He must take his last look now. Yet no, he must kiss her first. He reached across and lightly touched her pure forehead with his lips. Then she moved and moaned in her sleep, and then her peaceful breathing came again. "Now, peace be with her," Adam murmured, "and the good hand to guard her of the good Father of all."

So Adam Fairbrother went his way, leaving Greeba behind him, and early the next morning Jason took her back to Lague.

CHAPTER III.

THE WOODING OF JASON.

Now the one thing that Jason did not tell to Adam Fairbrother was that, on hearing from Jacob, as spokesman of his brothers, the story of their treatment of Greeba and their father, he had promised to break every bone in their six worthless bodies, and vowed never to darken their door again. His vow he could not keep if he was also to keep his work with Adam, and he deferred the fulfillment of his promise; but from that day he left Lague as a home, and pitched his tent with old Davy Kerruish in Maughdall village, at a little cottage by the Sundial that stood by the gates of the church. Too old for the sea, and now too saintly for smuggling, Davy pottered about the churchyard as grave-digger—for Maughdall had then no sexton—with a living of three and sixpence a service, and a marvelously healthy parish. So the coming of Jason to share bed and board with him was a wild whirl of the wheel of fortune, and straightway he engaged an ancient body at ninepence a week to cook and clean for them.

By this time Jason had spent nearly half his money, for he had earned nothing, but now he promptly laid his idle habits aside. No more did he go up to the mountains, and no longer out on to the sea. His nets were thrown over the lath of the ceiling, his decoy was put in a cage, his fowling piece stood in the corner, and a few were the birds that hung at his belt. He was never seen at the "Hibernian," and he rarely scented up the house with tobacco smoke. On his first coming he lay two days and nights in bed without food or sleep, until Davy thought surely he was sick, and, willy-nilly, was for having his feet bathed in mustard and hot water, and likewise his stomach in rum and hot gruel. But he was only settling his plans for the future, and having hit on a scheme he leaped out of bed like a grayhound, plunged his head up to the neck in a bucket of cold water, came out of it with gleaming eyes, red cheeks and a vapor rising from his wet skin, and drying himself with a towel on a coarse towel, he laid hold with both hands of a chunk of the last hare he had snared, and munched it in vast mouthfuls.

"Davy," he cried, with the white teeth still going, "are there many corn mills this side of the island?"

"Och, no, boy," said Davy; "but scarce as fresh herrings at Christmas."

"Any mill nearer than old Moore's at Sulby, and Callow's wife's down at Laxey?"

"Aw, no, boy, the like of them isn't in."

"Any call for them nearer, Davy?" "Aw, deed, yes, boy, yes; and the farmer men always been for one in Maughdall, too. Ay, yes, keen, boy, keen; and if a man was after building one here they'd be thinking diamonds of him."

"Then why hasn't somebody set up a mill before now, Davy?"

"Well, boy, ye see a Manxman is just the cleverest of all the people goin' in takin' things aisy. Aw, clever at it, boy, clever!"

There is a full stream of water that tumbles into the sea over the brows of dory-vullin, after singing its way down from the heights of Barrule. Jason had often marked it as he came and went from the hut of Stephen Orry that contained his stuffed birds, and told himself what a fine site it was for anybody that wanted to build a water mill. He remembered it now with a fresh interest, and bowling away to Mrs. Fairbrother at Lague for the purchase of a rod of the land that lay between the road and the beach, to the Balliff for the right of the water, and to old Coobragh for the hire of a cart to fetch stones from the scree where the mountains quarried them, he was soon in the thick of his enterprise.

He set the carpenter to work at his wheel, the smith at his anvil, and the mason at his stones, but for the walls and roof of the mill itself he had no help but old Davy's. Early and late, from dawn to dusk, he worked at his delving and walling, and when night fell in he leaned over the hedge and smoked and measured out with his eye the work he meant to do next day. When his skill did not keep pace with his ardor he lay a day in bed thinking hard, and then got up and worked yet

harder. In less than two months he had his first roof—timbers well and safely pitched, and if he went no farther it was because the big hope wherewith his simple heart had been buoyed up came down with a woe-ful crash.

"Aw, smart and quick, astonishin'," said old Davy of Jason to Mrs. Fairbrother at Lague. "Aw, deed, yes, and clever too, and steady still. The way he works them walls is grand. I'll go ball the farming men will be thinking diamonds of him when he makes a start."

"And then I wouldn't doubt but he'll be in the way of making a fortune, too," said Mrs. Fairbrother.

"I wouldn't trust, I wouldn't trust," said Davy.

"And he'll be thinking of marrying, I suppose. Isn't he, Davy?" said Mrs. Fairbrother.

"Marrying, is it?" said Davy; "aw, devil a marry, ma'am. The boy's innocent. Aw, yes, innocent as a baby."

Mrs. Fairbrother had her own good reasons for thinking otherwise, though Jason came to Lague but rarely. So with hint and innuendo she set herself to see how Greeba stood towards the future she had planned for her. And Greeba was not slow to see her mother's serious drift under may a playful speech. She had spent cheerful hours at Lague since the sad surprise that brought her back. Little loth for the life of the farm, notwithstanding Ross' judgment, she had seemed to fall into its ways with content. Her mother's hints touched her not at all, for she only laughed at them with a little of her old gaiety; but one day within the first weeks she met Jason, and then she felt troubled. He was very serious, and spoke only of what he was doing, but before his grave face her gay friendliness broke down in an instant.

Hurrying home she sat down and wrote a letter to Michael Sunlocks. Never a word had she heard from him since he left the island four years ago, so she made excuse of her father's going away to cover her unmaidenly act, and asked him to let her know if her father had arrived, and how he was and where, with some particulars of himself also, and whether he meant to come back to the Isle of Man, or had quite made his home in Ireland; with many a sly glance, too, at her own condition, such as her modesty could not forbear, but never a syllable about Jason, for a double danger held her silent on that head. This she despatched to him, realizing at length that she loved him, and that she must hear from him soon, or be lost to him forever.

And waiting for Michael's answer she avoided Jason. If she saw him on the road she cut across the fields, or if he came to the house she found something to take her out of the kitchen. He saw her purpose quickly, and his calm eyes saddened, and his strong face twitched, but he did not flinch; he went on with his work, steadily, earnestly, only with something less of heart, something less of cheer. Her mother saw it, too, and then the playful hints changed to angry threats.

"What has he done?" said Mrs. Fairbrother.

"Nothing," said Greeba.

"Have you anything against him?"

"No."

"Then why are you driving him from the house?"

Greeba could make no answer.

"Are you thinking of some one else?"

Again Greeba was silent.

"I'll beg of you to mend your manners," cried Mrs. Fairbrother. "It's full time you were wedded and gone."

"But perhaps I don't wish to leave home," said Greeba.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Fairbrother. "The lad is well enough, and if he hasn't land he has some money, and is like to have more. I'll give you a week to think of it, and if he ever comes and speaks for you I'll ask you to give him his civil answer. You will be three and twenty come Martinmas, and long before your mother was as old as that she had a couple of your brothers to fend for."

"Some of my brothers are nearly twice my age, and you don't ask them to marry," said Greeba.

"That's a different matter," said Mrs. Fairbrother.

It went out that the week was more than enough to settle the difference between Greeba and her mother, for in less time than that Mrs. Fairbrother was stricken down by a mortal illness. It was only a month since she had turned Adam from her door, but her time was already at hand, and more than he predicted had come to pass. She had grown old without knowing a day's illness; her body, like a rocky headland that gives no sign of seasons, had only grown harder every year, with a face more deeply seamed; but when she fell it was at one blow of life's ocean. Three little days she had lost appetite, on the morning of the fourth day she had found a fever in a neglected cattle trough that had drained into the well, and before night she had taken her death-warrant.

She knew the worst, and faced it, but her terror was abject. Sixty-five years she had scraped and scratched, but her time was come. She had thought of nothing save her treasure, and there it lay, yet it brought her no solace. Two days she tossed in agony, remembering the past, and the price she had paid, and made others to pay, for all that she had held so dear and must leave so soon, for now it was nothing worth. Then she sent for the parson, Parson Gell, who was still living, but very old. The good man came, thinking his mission was spiritual comfort, but Mrs. Fairbrother would hear nothing of that. As she had lived without God in the world, even so did she intend to die. But some things that had gone amiss with her in her eager race after riches she was minded to

set right before her time came to go. In lending she had charged too high an interest; in paying she had withheld too much for money; in seizing for mortgage she had given too little grace. So she would repay before it was too late, for Death was opening her hands.

"Send for them all," she cried; "there's Kinivig of Ballagawne, and Corlett's widow at Ballacreggan, and Quirk of Cloughbane, and the children of Joughan the weaver at Sherragh Vane, and Tubman of Ginger Hall, and John-Billy-Bob at Cornah Glen, and that hard bargainer, old Kermode of Port-e-chee. You see, I remember them all, for I never forget anything. Send for them, and be quick fetching them, or it'll be waste of time for them to come."

"I'll do it, Mistress Fairbrother," bumbled the old parson through his toothless gums, "for right is right, and justice justice."

"Chut!" said Mrs. Fairbrother. "But the parson's deaf ears did not hear. 'And, ah!' he said, 'the things of this world seem worthless, do they not, when we catch a glimpse into eternity?'"

"Less cry and more wool," said Mrs. Fairbrother, dryly. "I wouldn't trust but old as you are you'd look with more love on a guinea than the Gospel calls for."

The people answered the parson's summons quickly enough, and came to Lague next morning, the men in their rough beavers, the old women in their long blue cloaks, and they followed the old parson into Mrs. Fairbrother's room, whispering among themselves, some in a doleful voice, others in an eager one, some with a cringing air, and others with an arrogant expression. The chamber was darkened by a heavy curtain over the window, but they could see Mrs. Fairbrother propped up by pillows, wherose her thin, pinched, faded face showed very white. She had slept never a moment of the night; and through all the agony of her body her mind had been busy with its reckonings. These she had made Greeba to set down in writing, and now with the paper on the counterpane before her, and a linen bag of money in her hand, she sat ready to receive her people. When they entered there was a deep silence for a moment, wherose her eyes glanced over them, as they stood in their strong odors of health around her.

"Where's your brother, Liza Joughan?" she said to a young woman at the foot of the bed.

"Gone off to Meriky, ma'am," the girl faltered, "for he couldn't live after he lost the land."

"Where's Quirk of Cloughbane?" asked Mrs. Fairbrother, turning to the parson.

"The poor man's gone, sister," said the parson, in a low tone. "He died only the week before last."

Mrs. Fairbrother's face assumed a darker shade, and she handed the paper to Greeba.

"Come, let's have it over," she said, and then, one by one, Greeba read out the names.

"Daniel Kinivig, twelve pounds," Greeba read, and thereupon an elderly man with a square head stepped forward.

"Kinivig," said Mrs. Fairbrother, fumbling the neck of the linen bag, "you borrowed a hundred pounds for two years, and I charged you twelve per cent. Six per cent was enough, and here is the difference back to you hand."

So saying, she counted twelve pound notes and held them out in her wrinkled fingers, and the man took them without a word.

"Go on," she cried, sharply.

"Mrs. Corlett, two pounds," read Greeba, and a woman in a widow's cap and a long cloak came up, wiping her eyes.

"Bella Corlett," said Mrs. Fairbrother, "when I took over Ballacreggan for your unpaid debt, you begged for the feather bed your mother died on and the chair that had been your father's. I didn't give them, though I had enough besides, so here are two pounds to you, and God forgive me."

The woman took the money and began to cry.

"God reward you," she whimpered. "It's in Heaven you'll be rewarded, ma'am."

But Mrs. Fairbrother brushed her aside, with an angry word and a fretful gesture, and called on Greeba for the next name on the list.

"Peter Kermode, twenty-four pounds and ten shillings," read Greeba, and a little old man, with a rough head and a grim, hard, ugly face, jostled through the people about him.

"Kermode," said Mrs. Fairbrother, "you always tried to cheat me, as you try to cheat everybody else, and when you sold me those seventy sheep for six shillings apiece last back end you thought they were all taking the rot, and you lost thirty pounds by them and brought yourself to beggary, and served you right, too. But I sold them safe and sound for a pound apiece three days after; so here's half of the difference, and just try to be honest for the rest of your days. And it won't be a long task, either, for it's plain to see you're not far from death's door, and it isn't worth while to be a blood-sucker."

At that she paused for breath, and to press her lean hand over the place of the fire in her chest.

"Ye say true, ma'am, aw, true, true," said the man in a lamentable voice. "And in the house of death it must be a great consolation to do right. Let's sing wi' ye, ma'am. I'm going in the straight way myself now, and plaze the Lord I'll backslide no more."

And while he counted out the money in his grimy palm, the old hypocrite was for the striking up a Ranter hymn, beginning—

"Oh, this is the God we adore, Our faithful, unchangeable friend."

But Mrs. Fairbrother cried on him to be silent, and then gathering strength she went on with the others until all were done. And passing to each his money, as the grasp of Death's own hand had relaxed the hard grip of her tight fingers, she trembled visibly, held it out and drew it back again, and held it out again, as though she were reluctant to part with it even yet.

(To be Continued.)

To be content with less is to have less discontent.

HE MEANS BUSINESS

Meiklejohn Rents Tony Headquarters For Winter.

WILL KEEP TAB ON SENATORIAL RACE

Frank Harrison, Myron Wheeler and Harrison's Man Friday Open Up the Place, But Mailed Warrior Will Be On Scene Soon.

LINCOLN, Neb., Dec. 10.—In a two story house of nine rooms, but two blocks from the capitol and two blocks from the Lindell hotel, have been established the official headquarters of George D. Meiklejohn, candidate for United States senator. The interior finish of the house is on the colonial style, new and costly furniture to match has been installed, carpets, rugs and matting are now being laid, and three confidential factotums of the assistant secretary of war are already in charge.

Mr. Meiklejohn himself, with three or four additional helpers, will be installed in the commodious apartments probably within a fortnight, when the Nance county statesman will himself take personal charge of his senatorial campaign. At present Frank A. Harrison, formerly of the Omaha Bee and the Lincoln Journal, Myron Wheeler and a young gentleman of color, except Kemp are looking after the preliminaries of the assistant secretary's canvass.

Harrison is the suave individual to whom credit is given for the anti-Rosewater petition, almost unanimously signed by republican candidates for the legislature, which called forth a wall of agony from the little Omaha editor during the closing days of the late lamented campaign. He is now generally regarded as the confidential personal representative of Mr. Meiklejohn. Wheeler is installed as stenographer, and both are putting in ten and twelve hours daily in organizing Meiklejohn's campaign. The headquarters have been leased for three months and in Harrison's name.

Mr. Harrison when seen was very backward about making any estimate of Meiklejohn's strength. He laughed sardonically, however, when questioned as to Rosewater's probable following outside of Douglas county.

It is reported that both Thompson and Rosewater are likely to follow Meiklejohn's departure and establish personal headquarters at some centrally located point a short distance from the turmoil and confusion of the hotel lobbies. Other candidates will possibly follow suit, giving abundant promise of wassail and good cheer to members of the legislature, including the "third house." This will be in addition to the regular room or two to be utilized as public headquarters by each at the Lindell. Lorenzo Crounse, for instance will live with his family at the Lincoln, but maintain senatorial headquarters at the Lindell.

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A new Richmond has appeared on the senatorial field in the person of R. E. Moore of Lincoln, erstwhile republican lieutenant-governor of Nebraska, and it is making the rest of the multitudinous aspirants cast goo goo eyes in his direction. Mr. Moore is about the only genuine millionaire in Nebraska's capital city, and when he goes after a thing he generally lands it. Of course it is not to be supposed for a minute that Mr. Moore, whose income is somewhere in the neighborhood of \$50,000 a year, would buy one of the togas at the disposal of the legislature, for he has business qualifications of surpassing merit, and a smoothness about him that qualify him for senator. His business transactions are conducted on a large scale, and it is generally conceded on a basis as honorable as it is successful. During his political career he made many friends and acquaintances among the leaders of his party, and in the business world his acquaintance extends into almost every county in the state. While politicians generally pick D. E. Thompson as a winner, it is expected that in Mr. Moore's candidacy there is great danger to Mr. Thompson.

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Up to date only a few gentlemen have been named as senatorial aspirants. They are:

D. E. Thompson.
R. E. Moore.
G. M. Lambertson.
George D. Meiklejohn.
Edward Rosewater.
Ben Baker.
Dave Mercer.
Lorenzo Crounse.
E. H. Hinshaw.
Ex-Congressman Hainer.
Mosses P. Kinkaid.

This is quite a list. There are a few who might be called dark horses, but the chances for a dark horse are regarded as rather slim. It is too bad that Tom Majors, Church Howe and Jack McCall have been forgotten, because they, also, might have been up for a toga.

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Speaking of the state institutions Governor Dietrich the other day paid a high compliment to one or two of the fusion state officers. He is especially well pleased with the condition of the Hastings asylum, which has been under the control of Dr. Steele. The appointment of Dr. Kern of Wood River for this place is regarded as a most happy solution of the problems presented there. Dr. Kern was in the Hastings asylum before the fusionists took charge, and he was so well liked that Dr. Steele endeavored to get Governor Poynter to permit him to remain for his efficiency alone.

The Lancaster County Jeffersonian club, at its meeting last Wednesday evening, elected officers for the ensuing year. A disposition was manifested to re-elect John Carr, who has officiated in the capacity of president for the past year with honor to himself and satisfaction to the club, but he declined the office on the ground that, being one of great honor, of which any democrat should be proud to occupy, it should be given to some one not yet so honored. It is to the club's everlasting credit that it unanimously conferred the position upon Dr. Louis N. Wente, one of the club's most active and virile members, and we predict that the club will advance under his administration of its affairs fully as well as it did under that of Mr. Carr.

The probabilities are that it will do better than in the past, for the reason that, confronting it and the democratic party is a labor that needs, and must have, the most willing and unselfish workers possible, and in any work that must be carried on by the party the Jeffersonian club will not by any means be found shirking in its duty. In Dr. Wente it has a president whose democracy is as true as the needle to the pole, and whose devotion to the party and its principles will lead him to exertions in behalf of the club and of its work that will, we feel certain, result in great good. Example finds followers, and in Dr. Wente the club will have a president whose example will start a drift toward an organization of forces closer than we have ever had, and this is the proper time to take the steps that will get the democracy of Nebraska in better shape than it ever has been before. It pleased the rank and file greatly to learn of Dr. Wente's elevation to the honorable position of president of the leading democratic organization of the state, and it assures him its most hearty and earnest co-operation in all efforts tending to bring glory to the club and real benefit to humanity through the democratic party.

We believe the Jeffersonians will fully agree with us when we say that from all its active members it could not have selected for its president a more worthy democrat than Dr. Wente.

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The seventeenth biennial report of the secretary of state is now in process of preparation. It shows that the fees collected by the office and paid to the state treasurer from December 1, 1898, to November 30, 1899, amount in the aggregate to \$20,526.25. This sum was derived from the following sources: For fixing great seal and for warding notarial commissions, \$1,416 00 For filing prices of incorporation, labels, trade marks, etc., 18,571 00 For making transcripts of records, copies of laws, certificates, etc., 549 25

Total, \$20,526 25 During this same period the expenses of the maintenance of the office have approximated \$18,000, leaving the office on better than a self-supporting basis.

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In his report the secretary of state says: "My labors in this office for the last two years have been very pleasant to me and I have been aided quite efficiently by the full office force and I do not look back with any cause for regret. There has been perfect harmony in the office and the best of good wishes toward one another. All of the force, without an order, have helped to bear the burdens of the office where they have fallen heavily on one of their number by dividing the labors. The personnel of the office as it now stands is: O. C. Weesner, deputy; Theodore Mann, bookkeeper; S. E. Sterrett, recorder; Nellie Purcell, clerk; Gertrude O'Sullivan, stenographer; A. E. Sheldon, clerk printing board. "I am sure that the records and the mode of keeping them, as well as the general detail work of the office, have been materially improved over former years. I have done my plain duty to the best of my ability and feel that the state has been well served."

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Preparations are almost completed for the Jeffersonian club banquet December 26. It will be held at the Lincoln hotel instead of at the auditorium, as originally announced. Besides Mr. Bryan, it is hoped to secure Hon. Charles A. Towne and other men of national repute to respond to toasts. It is settled that the splendid editor of the Omaha World-Herald, Richard L. Metcalfe, will respond to "The Press," and that the president of the club, John Carr, will act as toastmaster. The affair promises to be one of the best ever held. Tickets are held \$1.50, and ladies are to participate in the function.

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There is at least one satisfaction the fusionists may have when the exodus from the state house begins, and it is that the fusion state treasurer will not go from the state house to the state penitentiary for having misappropriated state funds. Our republican friends will find that Treasurer Meserve has not only handled more state money during his four years than any republican treasurer handled in the same length of time, but that he will account for every penny of it.

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Those Boers who come to the United States from homes destroyed by the hired soldiers of a monarchy know the price of liberty and will make all the better citizens for the knowing. They will never vote for imperialism.

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Just watch the republican imperialists in congress squirm under the lashings of liberty-loving eastern republicans. They have already had a taste from McCall of Massachusetts. And there are others.

The W. C. T. U.'s Latest.

A new departure is proposed by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Indiana. That body has resolved to present a memorial to the national convention, to be held at Washington, D. C., to create a new department to enforce and maintain the purity of liquors, and that congress be petitioned to pass a law that only pure whiskies be sold at saloons, instead of adulterated liquors. By the enactment of such a law the W. C. T. U. concludes that the profits would be reduced and the saloons would be forced to quit business.

Proof That Their Clothes Are New.

A traveler just returned from a tour of southern Italy says that one of the peculiar customs of the peasants is the wearing of price marks on new suits of clothes. Whereas in other countries the dealer's ticket and tag are removed the moment a suit is bought, in the sunny toe and heel of the European "boot" they are fastened on the tighter and worn until they fall off. The object of this, presumably, is to show neighbors that you have new clothes, bought on such a day and costing so much, at So-and-So's. The same travelers says that the Paris boulevards are literally crowded just now with dog barbers.

Sweet Potatoes Draw the Rats.

A veteran provision dealer is authority for the statement that nothing will draw rats like sweet potatoes. They seem to be able to smell this toothsome vegetable from afar, and will come in droves wherever sweet potatoes are stored. In proof of his assertion, this dealer said that he never kept potatoes in his cellar with other vegetables, but placed them up in a dry loft. Having a large cold storage chest in his cellar, he had previously tried the experiment of placing a basket of sweet potatoes inside, and although the rats could not puncture the walls, they did gnaw the woodwork of the chest, trying to get at the tubers.

FROM BRYAN'S OWN CITY

Comes a Startling Story—An Open Letter That Will Cause a Sensation.

LINCOLN, Neb., Dec. 8.—(Special.)—At No. 2115 O street, this city, is the B. & M. wallpaper house. "B. & M." are the initial letters of the proprietors, Mr. A. C. Bonsor and Mr. O. E. Myers. The senior partner, Mr. Bonsor, is a well-known and highly respected citizen, and no one has ever doubted his truthfulness. It is, therefore, the pronounced opinion in Lincoln and the state generally that the significant and very strong statements made in Mr. Bonsor's letter will go unchallenged. After explaining his willingness that the matter be given the fullest possible publicity in the public interest, Mr. Bonsor proceeds:

I have suffered untold misery and pain for over ten years. My kidneys were diseased. I tried many so-called remedies, but they did me no good. I saw an advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I bought some, and commenced to use them at once. I had not been taking them three days before I began to improve. For years I had not had one good night's sleep, and before the first box of the Dodd's Kidney Pills were all used, I could sleep all night without pains. I am now completely cured, and have not a pain or ache left. I cannot recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills too highly, for they are unexcelled as a kidney remedy. Yours truly,

A. C. BONSOR,
No. 2115 O street, Lincoln, Neb.
Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure, 50c a box. All dealers.

The December Atlantic.

The December Atlantic contains much notable poetry. It opens with some delightful and hitherto unpublished verses by James Russell Lowell; it elsewhere contains "The Bird of Passage," the grand ode read by Owen Wister at the dedication of the Boston Symphony hall (already so much discussed), which appears here for the first time in its entirety, while Stuart Sterne, Hildegarde Hawthorne, and others contribute brilliant shorter poems, the whole exhibiting unusual excellence and variety. The number contains Christmas tales and is upon the whole excellent throughout.

The December Century will abound in fiction, some of it with a distinctively holiday flavor. Besides Bertha Runkle's romance of old Paris and Hamlin Garland's tale of today, there will be a short story by Henry James called "Broken Wings;" "The Lace Camisole," by L. B. Walford, author of "The Baby's Grandmother;" "A Hired Girl," by Edwin Asa Dix, author of "Deacon Bradbury;" "Ghosts that Became Famous," Christmas fantasy by Carolyn Wells, and "While the Automobile Ran Down," a Christmas extravaganza by Charles Battell Loomis. "In Lighter Vein" will include "The Village Store, Christmas Eve," in rhyming couplets, by Robert L. Dodd.

Harvard Men from Everywhere.

Harvard's cosmopolitanism is well illustrated in the latest catalogue, which shows that her students are drawn from no less than thirty-nine of the forty-five states, as well as from Arizona, Oklahoma and the District of Columbia, Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Philippines, Cuba, Japan, the Canadian provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, Kamchatka, Great Britain, France, Germany, Spain, Russia, Bulgaria and Norway.

Partisan Badges Barred.

Political buttons cannot be worn in Canada during the heat of a campaign. This is due to a clause in the dominion franchise act which says that no person shall exhibit any sign of his political faith after the official nominations are made.

A suspended street car conductor gets no fares.

There's always room at the top—but few men care to dwell in an attic.